Clif. That's my office for my fathers death.
Queene. Yet ſtay, and lets heare the Oriſons he makes.
Yorke. She wolfe of France, but worſe then wolues of France;
Whoſe tongue's more poiſon'd then the Adders tooth,
How ill beſeeming is it in thy ſexe,
To triumph like an *Amazonian* trull,
Vpon his woes, whom Fortune captiuates?
But that thy face is viſard-like vnchanging,
Made impudent by vſe of euill deeds;
I would aſſay, proud Queene to make thee bluſh,
To tell thee of whence thou art, from whom deriu'de,
T'were ſhame enough to ſhame thee, were thou not ſhameleſſe.
Thy father beares the type of King of *Naples*,
Of both the *Ciſiles*, and *Ieruſalem*,
Yet not ſo wealthy as an engliſh yeoman.
Hath that poore Monarch taught thee to inſult?
It needs not, or it bootes thee not proud Queene,
Vnleſſe the Adage muſt be verifide;
That beggers mounted, run their horſe to death.
Tis beauty, that oft makes women proud;
But God he wots, thy ſhare thereof is ſmall.
Tis gouernment that makes them moſt admir'd,
The contrary doth make thee wondred at.
Tis vertue that makes them ſeeme diuine,
The want thereof makes thee abhominable.
Thou art as oppoſite to euery good,
As the *Antipodes* are vnto vs,
Or as the South to the Septentrion.
Oh Tygers heart wrapt in a womans hide;
How couldſt thou draine the life blood of the childe,
To bid the father wipe his eyes withall,
And yet be ſeene to beare a womans face?
Women are milde, pittifull, and flexible,
Thou indurate, ſterne, rough, remorceleſſe.
Bids thou me rage? why now thou haſt thy will.
Wouldſt haue me weepe? why ſo, thou haſt thy wiſh.
For raging windes blow vp a ſtorme of teares,

and

And when the rage alaes, the raine begins.
Theſe teares are my ſweet *Rutlands* obſequies,
And euery drop begs vengeance as it fals,
On thee fell *Clifford*, and the falſe French-woman.
North. Beſhrew me but his paſſions moue me ſo,
as hardly I can checke mine eyes from teares.
Yorke. That face of his, the hungry Cannibals
Could not haue toucht, would not haue ſtain'd with bloud;
But you are more inhumane, more inexorable,
O ten times more then Tygers of *Arcadia*.
See ruthleſſe *Queene*, a hapleſſe fathers teares.
This cloth thou dipts in blood of my ſweete boy,
And loe, with teares I waſh the blood away.
Keepe thou the napkin, and go boaſt of that,
And if thou tell the ſtory well,
Vpon my ſoule the hearers will ſhed teares,
I, euen my foes will ſhed faſt falling teares,
and ſay, alaſſe, it was a pitteous deed.
Here, take the crowne, and with the crowne my curſe,
and in thy need, ſuch comfort come to thee,
as now I reape at thy too cruell hands.
Hard harted *Clifford*, take me from the world,
My ſoule to heauen, my blood vpon your heads.
North. Had he bin ſlaughterman of all my kin,
I could not chuſe but weepe with him, to ſee
How inward anger gripes his hart.
Qu. What, weeping ripe, my Lord *Northumberland*?
Thinke but vpon the wrong he did vs all,
And that will quickly dry your melting teares.
Cliff. There's for my oath, there's for my fathers death.
Queen. And there's to right our gentle harted kinde.
Yorke. Open thy gates of mercy gracious God,
My ſoule flies foorth to meete with thee.
Queene. Off with his head, and ſet it on Yorke Gates,
So *Yorke* may ouer-looke the Towne of *Yorke*.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter